

Waking Up

by FireHand

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Summary: A character from Neon Genesis Evangelion is unplugged from the Matrix.

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Waking Up (crossover: Matrix, Neon Genesis Evangelion)

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> All of a sudden his mind was sucked back into his head. Or, at least, that's what he thought the very instant he woke up. Where was he? What had happened? He realized that he was lying somewhere. In the middle of a cold room, darkness only held back by a few emergency lights hanging from the walls. But strangely enough, his body felt as if floating in the air. Or did he only have that impression because most of his limbs were tingling? And that loud buzz in his ears wasn't helping things either. Actually, it was more like an awful noise. And it wasn't only in his ears, it was filling his whole head. Was he finally going insane? Was this how it feels when you cross the border and finally enter the realm of insanity for good? He tried to remember what had happened before he had fallen asleep. Or lost consciousness? Somehow, he was sure that the answers, or at least some of them, were not far away. But still, they always seemed to be a few inches beyond his grasp...

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> What was that, he wondered. Maybe a memory of some sorts. Something black. No, rather someone black. Or maybe just somebody dressed in black. Yes, someone dressed in black. A woman. Tall. She looked tough, dangerous even. They had met, and he had never seen her smile. But he had felt her sympathy for him. At the same time, she had been angry. Or maybe just very annoyed. She had appeared to him like someone who has to take care of an unwelcome guest. In fact, she had achieved a remarkable job at hiding both feelings. But since all his life he had been disappointed by other people, he had quickly learned that love can sometimes be hidden behind curses and that a smile can often distract from hate. So it had been easy for him to

see through her frozen features and to listen beyond her harsh words. In fact, her eyes had said it all.

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 The next time he woke up, he realized that other people were in the same room. This time his body felt different. He heard someone say "...and to think that the one he used to call father is one of them!" This was the voice of the woman he had met before. Who was she? And more importantly, where were they right now? He opened his eyes, although it hurt real bad. His eyelids were incredibly heavy and their insides felt like they were outfitted with sandpaper. Once his eyes had more or less adapted themselves to the unknown environment, he tried to turn his head to take in his surroundings. But strangely, his body refused to execute this simple movement. So all he saw was a gray ceiling that didn't look familiar at all. He sensed a movement to his left and saw the shadow of a tall person fall over him. But a split second later he had fallen into sleep again.

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 He had a strange dream. He was a young hedgehog lying on the ground. A male hedgehog, probably his father, stepped closer with a lot of new spikes in his hands. "This is for you my son. This are your own spikes which we will give to you today."

>"We are so proud of you," said a female voice on his other side. When he turned his head to see who it was, he realized that this must be his mother. She was also holding dozens of spikes in her hands. Without warning, both started sticking those long metallic spikes all over his body. He wanted to run away, but he couldn't move. He wanted to scream, but there came no sound. Although he felt no pain, he was scared to death.

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> "How do you feel?", asked the man.
"I can't move", he answered weakly, his voice sounding like a dozen rusty nails rubbed against each other and his throat feeling like he had been shouting for hours.

> "Actually, you've never moved before, my friend", came the reply. This time, the voice was colored by what seemed to be compassion. Maybe this stranger cared for him? Then he suddenly realized what the man had just said.
"But... what... I...", was all he managed to say, before he felt a hand touch his shoulder in a comforting manner and the woman said, obviously to the man: "Why do you always have to say things like that, Morpheus?"

>He heard the woman make two quick steps and saw her enter his field of vision, although her features remained blurred.
 "Rest now," she told him. "The answers will come soon, Ikari Shinji."

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 Disclaimer:

> Morpheus, Trinity and The Matrix (the story, not the program) were created by the brilliant Wachowski Brothers and belong to other brothers called Warner.
 Ikari Shinji of Neon Genesis Evangelion was created and belongs to Gainax and, as far as I know, hasn't

really been unplugged yet.
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End
file.